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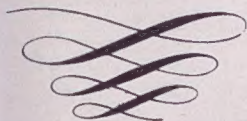
There are experts who insist a Heineken is one of the finest examples of old Dutch mastery outside the museums. It's never up for sale in the auction rooms, but you'll find it being knocked down in bars and clubs by connoisseurs all over Britain (gold to the highest bibber!). There's one simple test of a genuine Heineken—its taste. Clear, cool, ebullient after the style of Hals, de Hoogh or just Heineken. If you can't frame it, at least you can name it—Heineken, Holland's *ambassador extraordinary*.

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EDITOR JOHN OLIVER

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High-fashion print of tiny pink flowers on coffee-brown cotton for a tiny summer dress on the cover introduces eight more pages of miniature fashion, starting on page 642. The dress is by Angela Small, sizes 16 ins. to 22 ins., £3 19s. 6d. at Fortnum & Mason. Cover picture by Patrick Lichfield. More news for children on page 650 where Counterspy reports on toys, outdoor games and pastimes

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Midsummer Night's Ball, Hurlingham Club, 30 June, in aid of the Oxford & Bermondsey Club. (Double tickets, £6 6s., from the Hon. W. Grosvenor, 13 Gilston Rd., S.W.10.)

Mother & Daughter luncheon, Savoy, 30 June. (Tickets, £3; under-25s, £2 10s., SW1 2019.)

Henley Royal Regatta, 30 June-3 July.

Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, to 3 July.

Gala première of *Von Ryan's Express*, the Odeon, Leicester Square, 1 July, in aid of the Victoria Cross & George Cross Benevolent Fund. (Tickets, FRE 2285.)

Eton v. Harrow, Lord's, 1, 2 July.

Antique Dealers' Fair, the Castle, Farnham, 1-3 July, in aid of the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Putney.

Kirtlington Park Polo Ball, Oxon, 2 July.

Lincolnshire Agricultural Society County Ball, 2 July.

Taunton Jumping Festival, 2-4 July.

National Rose Society Show, Alexandra Palace, 2, 3 July.

L.T.A. Dance, Grosvenor House, 3 July. (Details, FUL 2366.)

Bal des Petits Tits Blancs, Powerscourt, Co. Wicklow, 4 July.

Evening Garden Party, Shorrock Hill, Formby, Lancs, 8 p.m., 9 July, in aid of the Liverpool Child Welfare Association. (Invitations, 25s., Tel: Royal (Liverpool) 5206.)

Neptune Ball, Petworth House, Sussex, 9 July, in aid of the National Trust Appeal to Save the Coastline. (Tickets, £3 10s., inc. champagne, soft drinks, light supper & breakfast, from the Ball Secretary, 6 Glendower Place, S.W.7.)

Old Surrey & Burstow Hunt Ball, Gatwick Manor Inn, nr. Crawley, Sussex, 9 July. (Tickets, £2 10s., Mr. Geo. Perring, The Old Town House, Lingfield, Surrey.)

Red Cross Ball, Durham Castle, 16 July, in aid of the Co. Durham branch, B.R.C.S. (Double tickets, £3 15s., inc. wine with supper, from Mrs. R. W. Annand, Durham 2826.)

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Swan Lake*, tonight; *The Lady & The Fool*, *The Invitation*, *Pineapple Poll*, 25 June; *Sylvia*, 30 June, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *La Bohème*, 24, 26 June (last perfs.); *Moses & Aaron*, 28 June, 1 July; *Tosca*, 2 July, 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall, London Mozart Players, tonight; R.P.O., 24 June; L.S.O., 25, 28.

New Philharmonia, 29. 8 p.m. B.B.C. Light Music Festival, 26; L.S.O., 27 June, 7.30 p.m. Fou Ts'ong (piano), 27 June. 3 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells. Handel Opera Society. *Rinaldo*, 24 June; *Saul*, tonight, 25, 26 June. (TER 1672/3.)

English Bach Festival, Oxford, 24 June-4 July. (Details & tickets, HYD 6000.)

International Organ Festival, St. Albans, 29 June-3 July. (Tickets, 135 London Rd., St. Albans, Herts.)

POLO

Cowdray Park. Benson Cup semi-final, 26, 27 June; Duke of Sutherland Cup, 27 June.

SAILING

Round the Island Race, Cowes, 26 June.

Flying Fifteen Championship, Torbay, 27 June-3 July.

FESTIVALS

Aldeburgh Festival, to 27 June.

Ludlow Summer Festival, 27 June-11 July.

GARDENS

St. John's Wood. 38 and 47 Acacia Rd., 25 Henstridge Place, 26 June. Adm: 1s., 3 on one day 2s. 6d.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court. *A Patriot for Me*, 24 June.

Piccadilly. *Ride-a-Cock Horse*, 24 June.

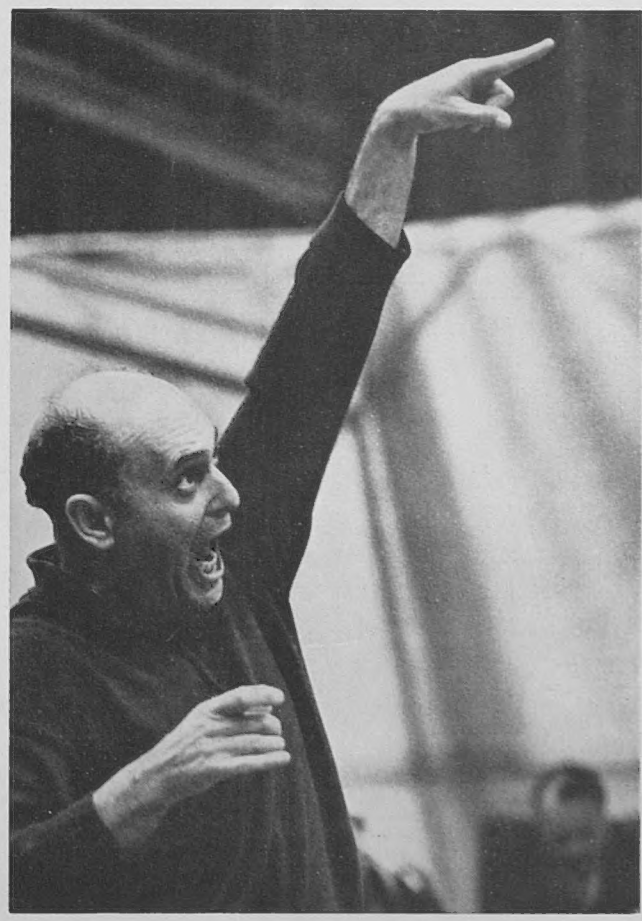
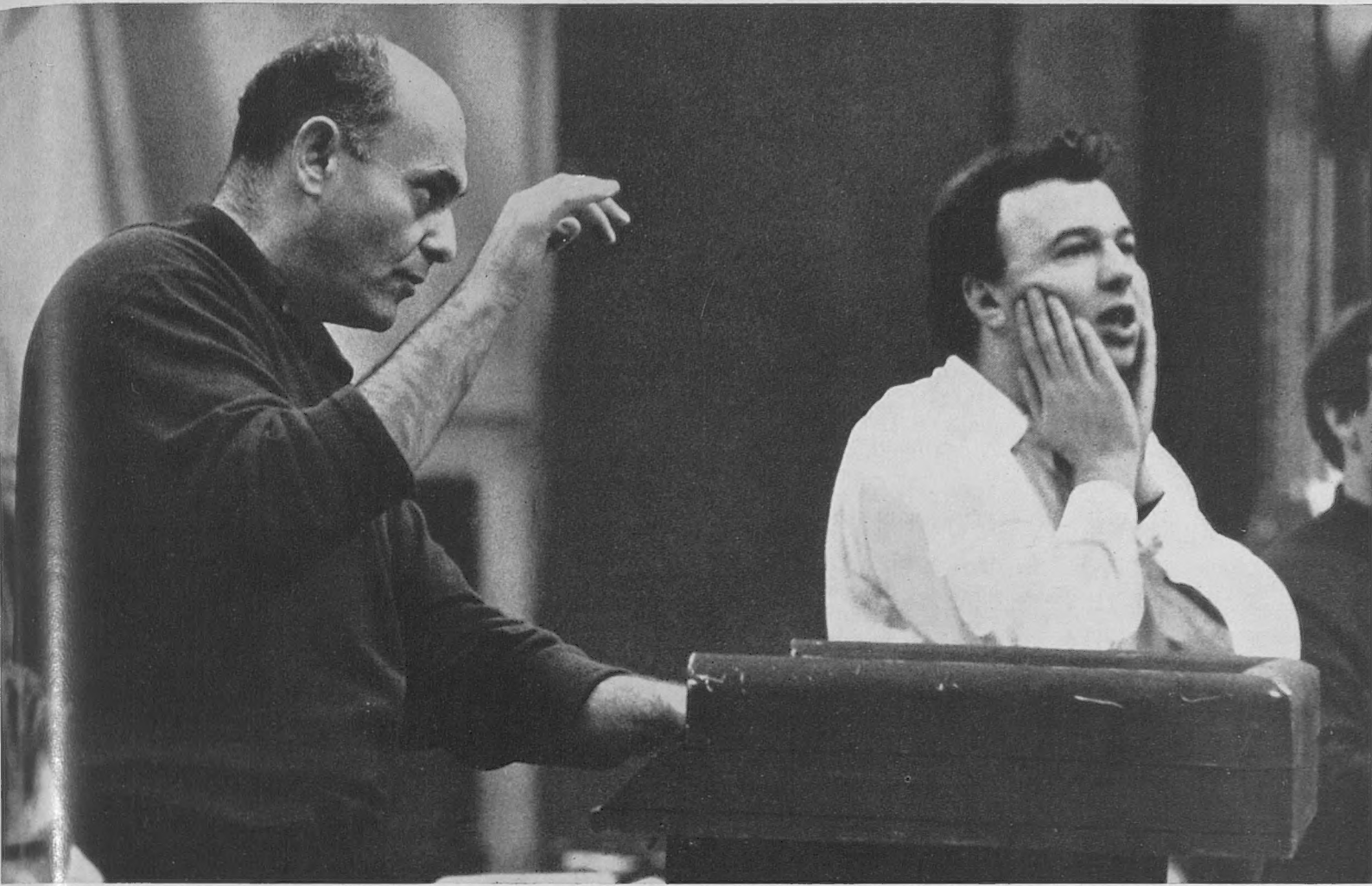
Loseley House, Guildford. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (open air production), 28 June-3 July.



Mr. David Partridge supervises the installation of Galaxy I, his "bed of nails" ceiling for the Royal Roof Restaurant, one of four in the new Royal Garden Hotel in Kensington Gardens that opens next month

BRIGGS by Graham





SOONER OR LATER IT HAPPENS and the most powerful minds come together. In this case it is the dynamic musical director of the Covent Garden Opera, Georg Solti, and the experimentally incisive director of the Royal Shakespeare Company, Peter Hall (together, top). They are preparing the first stage performance in this country (and only the third in history) of Schoenberg's opera *MOSES AND AARON*. The most immediately gripping scene is the worship of the Golden Calf (seen behind Hall, above left) when more than 200 singers, plus actors, plus assorted livestock (for blood sacrifice) will mingle on the stage. But the opera is infinitely more than a scenic epic; in it Schoenberg (who renounced, then returned to, the Jewish faith) sums up his own strongly held beliefs. First night: 28 June, Royal Opera House

GOING PLACES

Jerusalem, the shrine of three faiths, is part of one's state of mind. The Renaissance painters, either knowingly or unknowingly, recreated it on canvas from their own hill towns in Tuscany, which it so strongly resembles. A symbol of peace, yet rarely itself peaceable, Jerusalem has known the clash of Babylonians and Assyrians; Persians and Ptolemies; Hebrews (whose tenure was, in fact, one of the most brief) and Romans; Mamelukes, Arabs, Crusaders and Turks. Titus and Hadrian, Saladin and Suleiman all contributed something to it.

Apart from the fact that it is less than one-tenth the size, it is no easier to set about seeing (or understanding) Jerusalem than it is Rome. The visitor who expects to see the naïve, heroic, English Hymnal version

may be actively shocked by the sometimes acrimonious competition with which five different sects of the Christian faith divide the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and possibly dismayed by the fact that, judged by the standards of Orvieto, Assisi or Arezzo, there is hardly a beautiful church, still less any great paintings, to be seen.

But the sight of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives cannot, materially, have altered greatly since Biblical times; neither has the sound of sheep bells, for sheep still graze the slopes of Bethany. Only from these, the facing hills, can Jerusalem still be seen as a whole, its barbed wire boundaries dissolved and invisible. In the brief twilight, its white-gold buildings have the colour and the sheen of newly baked



ABROAD

meringues, spiked by inky cypresses and terraced with soft olive groves. At such a moment, it is one of the most beautiful cities on earth.

But the life of Jerusalem still goes on, as it always has, in the souks. The smells are of coffee and sheep and a myriad herbs, all cluttered together under the low white arches. Little boys and youths stand about to protect their women, all too picturesque in their veils, from the infidel eye of the camera. Water-sellers clatter their brass-cups like castanets. A blast of hot, fragrant air exudes from a bakery. Inside, an elderly Arab throws slabs of dough into the stone inferno of burning olive twigs. "I don't think God will take him to the hell," remarks my guiding companion. "This is enough for him."

Not all the churches are beautiful, as I said, but an exception is the Church of St. Anne, built on the site of the Virgin's birthplace. Ironically (for so much in Jerusalem is that), it owes its preservation to Saladin, who converted it, after the failure of the Crusaders in Jerusalem, into a Moslem college. The Armenian and Syrian Orthodox churches, one of which was built by the Crusaders, are redolent with incense and flickering candles, ikons and oil lamps that are suspended from the ceiling on slender silver chains. Their altars are richly encrusted with silver and gold leaf; the impression is wholly Eastern and voluptuous.

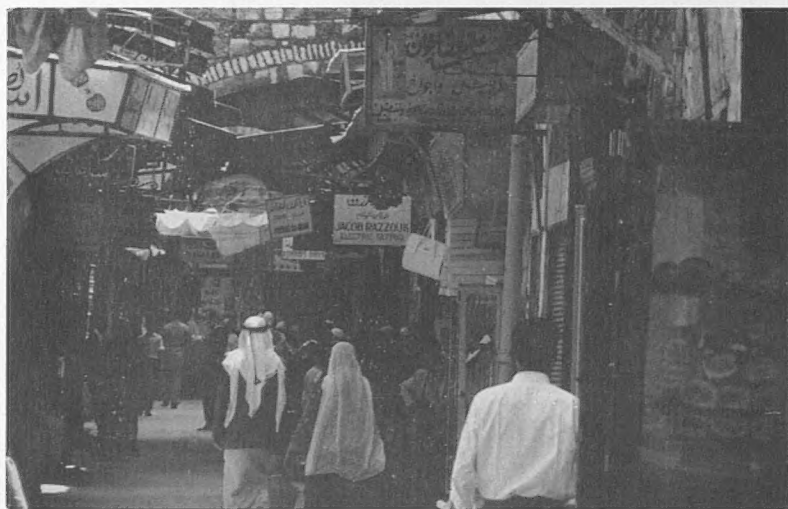
The Anglican cathedral of St. George is quite unlike anything else in the city. Built about 1870, it is handsome and simple, with a particularly fine vaulted ceiling. Though by no means among the famous shrines to which a guide would take you, it is interesting as an enclave of its own. It lies just across the street that divides Jerusalem, on whose other side goats nibble the branches of young trees, where no man may tread. Yet, once inside the gates of St. George's cloisters, you

might be in Dorset. A glowing mass of snapdragons, holly hocks, roses and begonias bloom in the gardens. Visiting scholars, writers, students and residents dine together at the long refectory table in the hostel, which has also a good library, open to all.

Just down this same street is the American Colony, now a hotel but originally so named because Americans lived there at the end of the last century, and the appellation stuck. The mansion was built in southern Turkish style (and few are lovelier) by a rich Arab landowner for his four wives. They each lived in considerable style in cool, stony rooms with huge arched windows, spanning walls some four foot thick. The courtyard is the centrepiece, with a mass of flowers and a little fountain. The peace and leisure of this sun filled garden, and the rewarding conversations with Mr. & Mrs. Vester (who, apart from being the owners of American Colony, are some of the best unofficial guides to Jerusalem) are something I remember with the greatest pleasure. The hotel has a pleasant restaurant, and to stay there, as one might in a private house, costs 25s. a day for room and breakfast. It is an integral part of a Jerusalem that one might otherwise never see.

Amman, Jordan's capital, became a seat of government only after the end of the mandate in 1948. Thus the Palace, the government buildings and the elaborate modern villas sit in a rather unlikely way on what was a simple little Arab town, straddling the hills of Moab. But Amman still sends you to sleep with the distant barking of dogs and the sound of sheep bells; and wakes you with the call of the Muezzin.

Amman is of no great account from the visitor's viewpoint, but one of the most lovely drives in the whole of Jordan is along the old road that leads from the capital to the Graeco-Roman city of Jerash. It runs through the Azzraq valley of thick cedar and chestnut trees, through which you suddenly glimpse Jerash itself, and its coronet of Ionic pillars stencilled on the hillside. Get the facts, if you must, from a



The Khan el-Zeit, a bazaar in Jerusalem. Pride of place is taken by clothing and tourist souvenir shops



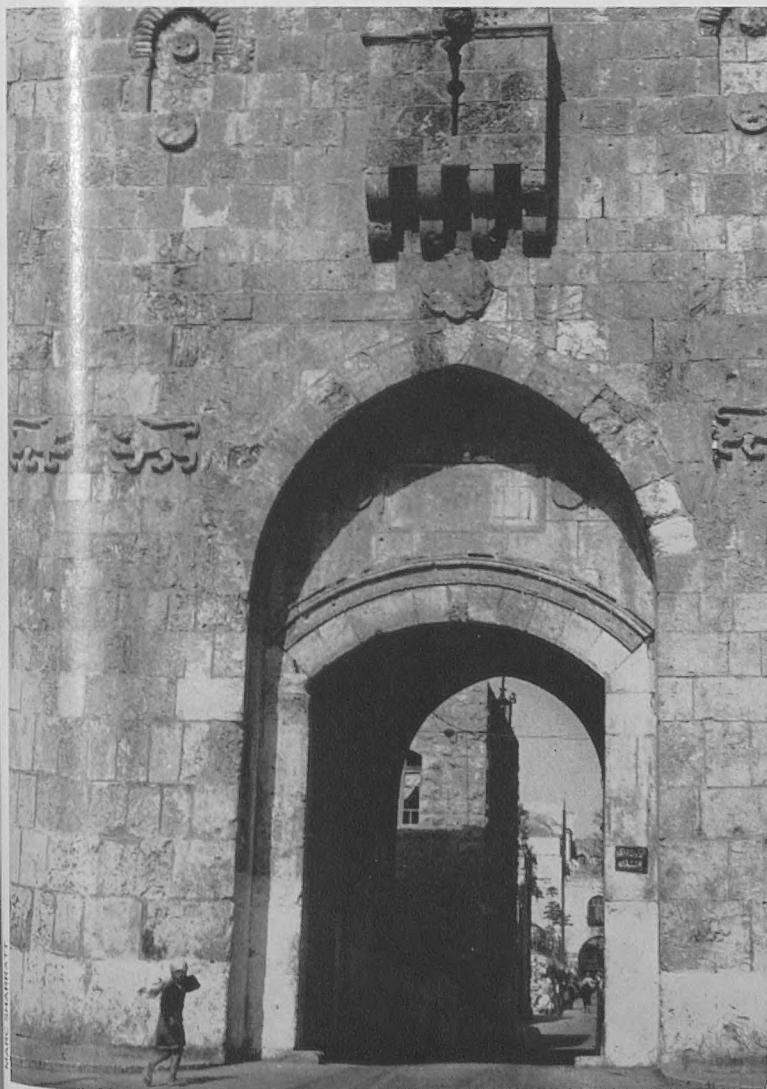
The Russian church of St. Mary Magdalene was built by the Czar Alexander III in 1888, above the garden of Gethsemane

guidebook; but Jerash, like great poetry, means more than the sum of its parts. Though it is well preserved it is slight by comparison with, for example, Ephesus. Hardly the souvenir sellers, let alone the coach loads, have bothered with it much, as yet, and so it is blessedly empty. Lizards run silently along the early Byzantine niches which once held statues and lights; poppies and cornflowers bloom in the grass which grows between the flagstones, and donkeys nibble wild cyclamen by the great temple of Diana. The air, cool in these heights even through the sunshine, smells of honey. And in the tiny, embryonic museum, the curators are even now piecing together the cracked vases of 14 centuries ago, when Jerash, once a city of the great Decapolis, was one of the strongest outposts of the Roman empire.

As to this season's daffodils, two new Intercontinental hotels, one in Jerusalem and one in Amman, provide international scale comfort. The one in Amman even has a freshwater swimming pool and outdoor barbecue. That in

Jerusalem, built just to the side of the Mount of Olives, has the view of all views over the city, but is architecturally tactful and in no way obtrusive. Well decorated bedrooms, nicely equipped; night club and dancing, plus that invaluable American contribution, the good breakfast-cum-snack bar, equally useful for late suppers, are something over which only the pedants would quibble. Much of Jordan's economy is built hopefully on the tourists who come to see the Holy Land, but they are not all poets and pilgrims and missionaries. Western amenities are as much taken for granted in the Middle East these days as they are in the countries of their origin. In Amman's Intercontinental, a double room and bath costs from £6, in Jerusalem from £4.

And the supreme luxury is to fly out to Amman, in less than five hours, direct from London, in BOAC's VC 10. For the basic 23-day Excursion return of £99 15s., one can make connecting flights to, and fly home from, Beirut, Cairo, Damascus or Jerusalem, operated jointly by Middle East Airlines and BOAC.



St. Stephen's Gate in the massive walls of Jerusalem, which were laid out under Turkish rule in the 16th century.

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John Baker White / The choice in Cairo

GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White, Tatler's restaurant correspondent, recently returned from Cairo and presents a survey of the restaurant situation there.

In judging cooking and service in the United Arab Republic it is fair to remember that Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday are meatless days, which restricts menus to fish and fowl; that there are no imported speciality foods or cheeses; that the Greeks, Italians and French, who were the skilled directors of the hotel and catering trades, have gone home, and that there is virtually no wine except Egyptian. Stella beer and Cola are, in consequence, the popular drinks.

Groppi's restaurant, on the corner of what used to be the Midan Soliman Pasha, provides a decent well served luncheon at a modest price. It is not so good for dinner. **Mena House Hotel** has to deal with 400 meal voucher coach tourists at lunchtime and 600 at night, so it is understandable that all it can do is to give casual customers and residents the same set meals.

The Nile Hilton is in layout my dream of the ideal railway station, complete with shops, bank, hairdresser and, of course, bedrooms. There are two night clubs, the **Belvedere** and the **Caravan Tent**, which is got up in the fashion of Arabia Deserta, where you sit on the floor to watch a discreetly

veiled *danse du ventre*. **The Safari Bar**, very popular, is so dark that you have to ask the barman to interpret the not over-large bill. We ate in the finely appointed restaurant overlooking the Nile. After a false start, being brought something we had not ordered, we had Aboukir prawns, good but served too cold, and lamb chops from the grill which were excellent. The fresh fruit was of poor quality, but in contrast the Turkish coffee made at the table-side was good. The service was willing but chaotic.

We had to wait half-an-hour before the dessert plates were cleared away, and the coffee served. A diner at the next table had finished his three courses before his companion had got his first. The bill was reasonable, about 35s. per head with drinks. In the café-cum-snack-restaurant downstairs the service was even worse. At teatime a waitress placed a grubby menu on an unwiped table. When we left half-an-hour later she had not returned to take our order.

The Isis is something out of the ordinary. A new river steamer of the type that go to Luxor in the winter months, she is moored opposite to and run by the Hilton. Besides the dining saloon there is a bar and lounge, all very pleasantly appointed.

The menu is generally similar to that in the Hilton res-

taurant, but the standard of cooking and service are much higher. There is an Italian *maitre d'hôtel*. There are cabins to house 140.

The new **Shepherds**, on the Nile, is a fine hotel, again in the railway station style with an Oriental slant. The restaurant serves a *table d'hôte* meal at about the standard to be found at a moderately good provincial hotel in Britain. The service in the dining room is good: in the lounge considerable patience is required. The **Semiramis Hotel**, which is next door, has spacious old-fashioned bedrooms, a fine view over the Nile and a courteous friendly staff. It is comfortable and the room service is excellent. The continental breakfast is good; the other meals are better taken elsewhere. A double room with bath and breakfast, service charge included, is a little over £4 per day.

The Aladin restaurant, in the Immobilia building, is without question the best in Cairo. It is pleasantly and comfortably got up, the food first-rate, the service good, and the prices reasonable. Mr. Mahmoud Eltouhki specializes in the Red Sea fish *dorade* i.e., sea bream, the outsize prawns that are called shrimps in the Middle East, and kebab.

To sum up, the Semiramis is the place to stay, the Aladin and the Isis the best places to eat.

Giulietta = Romeo

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The recently opened Giulietta-Romeo Restaurant is a replica of the original house of Shakespeare's Giulietta in Verona. Great care has been taken to capture the Sixteenth Century atmosphere including such features as an internal balcony seating eight diners; the balustrade to the balcony contains beautiful Gothic carving. Two sides of the Restaurant form an arcade under which tables are arranged. A copy of the original garden well completes the setting.

The waiters are dressed in colourful Sixteenth Century costume and additional charm is gained by the use of antique silver plate, period chairs, sculpture and paintings of the era.

Specialita

Filetti de Sogliola alla Shakespeare

Sole filets, skewered with scampi, mushrooms

Pollo Giulietta

Breast of chicken, asparagus and banana

Scaloppa di Vitello Bartolomeo

Veal Escalope, ham, cheese, mushroom and cream sauce

Filetto di Manzo Petroniana

Tournedo flavoured with pate, madeira sauce

Giulietta = Romeo

Reservations REGent 4914



MICHAEL ARRON

Mr. Ian S. McPhail, Director General of the World Wild Life Fund, actress Violet Carson who plays Ena Sharples in ITV's Coronation Street serial, and Major Ralph Raffe at the recent Watches of Switzerland exhibition at the Hotel Piccadilly, Manchester

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A toast to a June bride

After their wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields the bride and bridegroom, Miss Virginia Estcourt and Mr. John Andreae, are toasted by Mr. Geoffrey Rose (not in the picture), at the Savoy reception. The bride, daughter of Major-General Edward Estcourt and Mrs. June Barford, was given away by her half-brother, Mr. Adam Barford. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Andreae. Bridesmaid was

Miss Hermione Estcourt, and there were twelve young attendants: Gemma Glossop, Amanda Robertson, Frances Barnby, Georgina Grimm, Emma-Louise O'Reilly, Rebecca Burrill, Anthony Looker, Philip Everington, Nicholas Coleridge, William Shephard, Alexander Cameron and David Rose. The honeymoon is being spent in Greece. More pictures by A. V. Swaebe overleaf. Muriel Bowen writes on page 627

A toast to a June bride / continued

Mr. Edward Andreae, father of the bridegroom, and Mrs. June Barford, mother of the bride



Mrs. Peter Glossop and her 18-month-old daughter, Gemma, who was a bridesmaid



The Hon. Mrs. Shephard and her daughter Sarah



Miss Shirley Hawtin



Mr. Ian Cameron with his son Alexander, who was one of the pages



The Queen and Prince Philip ride from Buckingham Palace to the Trooping the Colour ceremony on Horse Guards. The Queen wears the tunic of the Welsh Guards—the colour of the 1st Battalion was trooped—with a tricorn hat, and rides the Metropolitan Police horse Imperial. The Duke wears the uniform of Colonel of the Welsh Guards

Glamour and gold on Trooping Day

by Muriel Bowen

There is no grander, more glorious sight in the calendar of the London Season than the Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade. The Queen rode side-saddle on Imperial and all around was the glamour of the Army: the mounted band, their gold coats gleaming in the sun, and the lines of Guardsmen marching with that marvellous precision admired the world over.

It is often and wrongly thought that the Household Brigade remains in Britain in peacetime; at the present time there are units of the Parachute Company in Borneo, of the Scots and Irish Guards in Malaya, and of the Coldstream Guards in Aden.

The Trooping is always a smart affair, more sensibly dressed than Ascot and with more bewitching hats than those to be seen at the Eton & Harrow match. It rained heavily before the ceremonies, but this had little effect.

WEATHER PERMITTING

Men in morning dress sat oblivious of the

weather on chairs covered with sodden newspapers. Umbrellas dripped on picture hats, and the Admirals on the Admiralty balcony stoically turned up the green chairs so that the rain could drain off. They had all come to enjoy the Trooping and they were not going to be put off by the weather.

Staging this event is a gigantic annual problem. Far more people want to buy tickets than can ever be accommodated.

Before each Trooping there are over 8,000 applications for some 4,000 seats and they come from all over the world. But the cost of the operation is such that the sale of tickets only pays for the erection of the stands.

THE LEARNED GUESTS

In the City the Lord Mayor, SIR JAMES MILLER, and LADY MILLER continued the idea started a few years ago of having a Midsummer Banquet at the Mansion House to honour the arts, sciences and learning. Its scope has broadened considerably in recent times. I noticed Mr. DAVID FROST, the controversial TV commentator, among the guests. Under which of the three headings did he qualify? Mr. Frost was seated beside the City's Public Relations Officer, Mr. DAVID POWELL, and opposite Mr. ALAN LAMBOLL, a City Councillor highly skilled in handling the Press.

In a brilliant speech Sir James Miller noted that there is a tendency for the arts and sciences

to look down their distinguished noses at one another. But he was not going to draw invidious distinctions between "the Mods and Rockers of culture . . . you have all been asked here because you are very, very clever."

LORD DAVID CECIL, richly witty and urbane; SIR SOLLY & LADY JOAN ZUCKERMAN; Mr. & Mrs. DONALD BAVERSTOCK; SIR JOHN & LADY WOLFENDEN; Mr. IAN MACDONALD, chairman of the National Commercial Bank of Scotland, & Mrs. MACDONALD wearing quite the prettiest necklace, were there. Still more were the HON. GAVIN & LADY IRENE ASTOR; SIR JOHN & LADY COCKCROFT; Mr. JAMES JOLL; and PROFESSOR & Mrs. R. S. NYHOLM; he is head of the chemistry department at London University.

THE MINISTER'S TOAST

LORD SNOW, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Technology, proved adept at finding his way through the corridors of a coming-out party when his stepdaughter LINDSAY JEAN STEWART had a 21st birthday party at 55 Park Lane. He complimented the girls on their dresses, chatted with the boys and asked them what they were doing. Then he toasted Lindsay.

It was a party that crackled along for a couple of hours. The American Minister Mr. PHILIP KAISER & Mrs. KAISER were there and many young Americans including Mr. JOHN HALLOWELL, a writer over from Harvard. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 629

Roses in the River Room

Major & Mrs. Victor McCalmont, members of the Irish racing family, gave a dance in the Savoy's River Room for their debutante daughter,

Diana. Many prominent racing figures were among the guests and two orchestras played from a rostrum bedecked with roses

Mrs. Victor McCalmont and her debutante daughter, Diana



Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, whose husband is uncle of the present 16-year-old McGillicuddy of the Reeks



Mrs. Maxie Cosgrove, wife of the famous Irish veterinary surgeon



Miss Jessica Fowler



Mr. Neville Crump, the trainer, and Miss Pamela Howie from Yorkshire



Mrs. T. G. G. Cooper whose husband, Brigadier "Tubby" Cooper, is the hon. secretary of the Belvoir Hunt. Their home is at Waltham Lodge, Freeby, Melton Mowbray

Muriel Bowen

continued from page 627

Snows seem to collect interesting Americans. They have them to stay and they provide a splendid ingredient for parties. Younger guests included the Misses KAREN and ROSALIND RICHARDS; Miss ALICE KEENE; Mr. TOM ROSENTHAL; and Mr. WILLIAM FRENCH.

LADY SNOW, who is authoress Pamela Hansford Johnson, has a new book coming out in the autumn. It is called *Cork Street—Next to the Hatters*. Since her husband became a member of the Government she finds she has more time for writing. For one thing she no longer has his manuscripts to type—she took over the job when secretaries were defeated by his handwriting.

PARTY FOR DIANA

The party given by Mrs. VICTOR MCCALMONT for her daughter DIANA at the Savoy had plenty of pep and personality. (See pictures on page 628.) Much of this was supplied by Irish visitors who were in high spirits after a successful day's racing at Epsom. They included: LORD HEMMILL; Mr. & Mrs. MARIE COSGROVE; the EARL OF MOUNT CHARLES; Mr. & Mrs. DERMOT MCGILLYCUDDY; Mr. DON O'NEILL FLANNAGAN, and many more.

At one point there were cries of "Ride him off!" in tones of mock outrage as an Irishman tried to lure a pretty girl from the arms of her English partner!

For tall, lissom, dark-haired Miss McCalmont the ball was only half a coming-out. Her grandfather, MAJOR DERMOT MCCALMONT, is giving another dance for her in Ireland at the time of the Dublin Horse Show. It will be at Mount Juliet, his magnificent place in Co. Kilkenny.

REMEMBRANCE OF YVONNE

Excitement was infectious in Guildford on the opening night of the new Yvonne Arnaud Theatre. (See picture on page 631.) Within a few years of building a Cathedral that has attracted visitors and worshippers from all over the world this spirited town now has a theatre that is a gem of modern architecture. How can Guildford do all this? Simply by imagination, civic pride and dynamism-plus.

Both the performance of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country* with INGRID BERGMAN and SIR MICHAEL REDGRAVE, and the theatre emerged with much praise. The horseshoe-shaped building on a bend of the River Wey is considered by experts to be the most attractive to be seen in this country for years. It is a modern building designed with boldness and panache and sitting in the stalls suggests a room, rather than a theatre, with players. The atmosphere is pleasantly intimate.

Appropriately it was a glittering occasion, very dressed up, very smart. The French Ambassador & BARONNE DE COURCEL were there, also ALD. E. B. NICKLIN, who is Mayor of Guildford—a moving spirit behind the theatre; VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS ASTOR; LORD FRANCIS-WILLIAMS—he is planning an autumn lecture tour in America; Mr. & Mrs. CHARLES HUGHESDON, and SIR RICHARD NUGENT, the local M.P., who has since announced his retirement from the House of Commons.

CONTACT IMPACT

In the interval there was praise for Mr. JOHN BROWNRIGG of Scott, Brownrigg & Turner, the theatre's architect. Mr. DAVID BRUCE, the American Ambassador, sought him out to say how impressive it is and so too did SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER. "It took a lot of perspiration but it's been a great thrill," Mr. Brownrigg, whose hobby is rock gardening rather than theatre going, told me. His bold modern design appealed instantly to those who commissioned it. Also at the opening were Mrs. JOHN KING, who was down from Leicestershire; Mr. MAX RAYNE; and VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS CRANLEY. Opening of theatres always produces some rather exotic people not to be found elsewhere with the exception of the opening of the Royal Academy. One guest wore blue contact lenses to match his blue brocade dinner jacket.

LATEST DEBRETAGE

The brand new edition of *Debrett*, all gleaming in its red and gold binding, has just landed with a thud on my desk. It weighs 6½ lb. and is full of fascinating bits of information that must have taken a mountain of research.

For instance, there is a flight of peers from Mayfair. 30 years ago 34 per cent of their number resided there; now it is down to 11. And that despite the fact that the 55 peerages created in 1964 were a record for any one year. It looked at first sight like peers feeling the pinch, but this isn't so. In Mayfair they have sold out handsomely to the property developers. In Chelsea where they now cluster, and in the westerly regions of S.W.1, many of them have found smaller houses, or flats of few and spacious rooms, where—like everybody else—they can cope with the domestic situation singlehanded if need be.

SEND-OFF FOR THE BRIDE

It was a red-letter day for bridesmaids when Mr. JOHN ANDREAE married Miss VIRGINIA

ESTCOURT at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. There were 13 of them, and all because the bride loves having lots of children round her.

Mr. Andreae, who is the son of Mr. & Mrs. E. P. ANDREAE, is a shipping executive. His bride, the daughter of MAJOR GEN. EDWARD ESTCOURT & Mrs. JUNE BARFORD, takes a keen interest in antiques and for some time has been working in a Pimlico antiques shop. (See pictures on pages 625-6.)

The reception at the Savoy was a great get-together for the bridegroom's relations. He has seven sisters, countless cousins, and a bevy of uncles and aunts. Judging by the quantities of family gossip circulating it was quite some time since they were all together. Among them were Mr. & Mrs. SONNY ANDREAE; Mr. & Mrs. DAVID WEBB; LORD & LADY PEARSON; Mr. & Mrs. ERNEST KLEINWORT; SIR FREDERICK BENNETT, M.P. & LADY BENNETT; AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS & LADY EVILL; and Miss PHILIPPA ANDREAE, who took a day off from a holiday on wheels in Italy to return for the wedding.

Others whom I saw included Mr. MICHAEL DENISON; Mr. & Mrs. DAVID WOODALL; Mr. & Mrs. WILLOUGHBY GRAY; COMDR. & Mrs. DEREK O'REILLY; MAJOR & Mrs. R. CHENEVIX-TRENCH; and SIR TERENCE & LADY SHONE. After a two weeks' honeymoon in Greece, Mr. & Mrs. Andreae will make their home in London.

TAILPIECE

Whitehall has got so much above itself lately that it was good to hear it cut down to size by SIR CHARLES NORTON, the Mayor of Westminster, with a neat shaft of unconscious humour. Presenting a print to the visiting Mayor of Corfu he said it showed Whitehall which Sir Charles explained was "a part of Westminster." The Mayor of Corfu liked the print, but his Greek really came tumbling in torrents when he talked about what cricket meant to the island of Corfu!



Miss Lindsay Stewart cuts the cake at her 21st birthday party at 55 Park Lane, watched by her stepfather Lord Snow, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Technology, her brother Mr. Andrew Stewart, and her mother Lady Snow (novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson)

So well remembered

The Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson, inaugurated the Nehru Memorial Exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall. More than 1,200 photographs and relics—covering both the political and private life—of Jawaharlal Nehru are on show,

plus a collection of the uniforms of Indian army regiments. Guests at the ceremony were received by the Indian High Commissioner and Mrs. Mehta; Nehru's daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi; and by Earl Mountbatten of Burma

Beside a giant photograph of her father stands Mrs. Indira Gandhi. With her is Dr. Jivraj N. Mehta, the Indian High Commissioner

Sir Solly Zuckerman, Chief Scientific Adviser to the Defence Minister



Sir Paul & Lady Gore-Booth. He is a former High Commissioner to India

Mrs. Hansa Mehta, wife of the Indian High Commissioner

The Countess of Inchcape, whose husband has business interests in the East

Guildford's horseshoe on the Wey

The horseshoe-shaped theatre perpetuating the memory of the French actress and pianist Yvonne Arnaud who lived at Effingham, close to Guildford, opened recently with a production of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, directed by Sir Michael

Redgrave, and in which he also played opposite Ingrid Bergman. The Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, set on the banks of the River Wey, continues the trend towards the decentralization of the London theatre scene. It is small and compact with a raked auditorium

seating 574: there were more than 30,000 applications for first night tickets and these were allocated by ballot, many to eminent stage personalities who came to pay homage to the actress and to add their good wishes to the theatre that bears her name

Mr. Charles Hughesdon and his actress wife Florence Desmond, who live near Guildford

Mr. Hugh McLellan and Lady Oriel Vaughan, widower and goddaughter of the late Yvonne Arnaud, who died in 1958, on the terrace of the theatre

Mr. Tony Richardson and his wife, actress Vanessa Redgrave, daughter of Sir Michael Redgrave. Miss Redgrave's footprint is embedded in the theatre's foundation stone



Actress Susan Hampshire and Mr. Anthony Edwards in front of a portrait of Yvonne Arnaud that hangs in the foyer

Sir Donald & Lady Wolfitt

Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

Mr. Ronald Mavor, the Scottish playwright and drama critic of *The Scotsman* since 1957, has been appointed Director for Scotland of the Arts Council of Great Britain. He succeeds Dr. George Firth, who has been Director for more than 17 years.

Mr. Mavor is the son of the late Dr. O. H. Mavor (playwright James Bridie) and is himself a doctor and Member of the Royal College of Physicians (Glasgow). His medical background has provided the substance for two of his plays, *The Keys of Paradise* and *The Part-ridge Dance*, his most recently produced. He hopes to write another play before he takes up his new position some time after the Edinburgh Festival. "After that I think I'm going to be too busy," he told me.

He is very enthusiastic about the future possibilities for the arts in Scotland. "With enterprises like the Scottish Opera, and the new theatre in Edinburgh, and various other things, there is the possibility of quite an artistic expansion in Scotland," he said. "Miss Jennie Lee is very wholeheartedly behind the Council and she has committed the Government to spending a good deal more money on the arts. If only the poor Government can last, we hope to be given a lot more money." Mr. Mavor told me that already a quarter of a million pounds was being spent annually on the arts in Scotland, "a fact which I do not think is generally known," he said, "but I hope we shall go on and on and up and up."

Danish-born Mrs. Mavor is taking her own share of interest in the creative arts, I hear. She is learning to be a potter and, her husband tells me, "throws pots in a shed in the back garden."

In search of the Sun God

Two architect-planners, Mr. & Mrs. Sergio Domicelj, who now live in Edinburgh, have just returned from an archaeological expedition to the Puna de Atacama region of the Andes, one of the driest places in the world. The expedition was led by the Austrian explorer, Mathias Rebitsch, and the other member of the party was Anders Bolinder, a Swedish engineer. This was Argentinian born Mr. Domicelj's fourth expedition but it was a new experience for his Australian wife, Joan. She was the recorder for the expedition and she tells me that she would very much like to go again.

"On the whole, I set out thinking that it was going to be rather a testing experience, but most of the time it was pure enjoyment," she told me. "It was really, in fact, a delightful camping holiday."

The expedition's ultimate hope was to find evidence of Inca sun worship on peaks of 19,000 ft. or over. (Mrs. Domicelj herself got up to 18,200 ft.) "We didn't fully realize our hopes but we have gone a good way towards doing so," she said.

Once they were in the area, travelling was either by mule or, at altitudes over 16,000 ft., on foot. Mrs. Domicelj spent about 100 hours on mules, some days as much as nine hours at

a time. Changes of temperature took a good deal of getting used to with a range from 80 to 90 degrees at midday to 30 below zero at night. But I gather that the only time she was really worried was when she was left waiting at the base camp while the men climbed to 19,000 ft. —and returned to camp two days late, because of a series of minor mishaps.

To marry in London

Planning a September wedding in London is Miss Daphne Robertson-Macleod, eldest daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. C. Robertson-Macleod, Westfield House, Winchburgh, West Lothian. Miss Robertson-Macleod, who is at present working in Edinburgh as an adviser on interior design, tells me that her fiancé, Captain I. W. Jefferson, is stationed in Aden. He will return to Britain in September and after their honeymoon they will be going to Celle in Germany for two years.

Captain Jefferson is the second son of Brigadier and Mrs. J. Jefferson, Gorse Hill, Wormley, Godalming, Surrey.

Miss Robertson-Macleod was educated at a convent in Berwickshire and later in Switzerland. She trained in floral art at the Constance Spry School and studied millinery with Rudolf before interior design caught her fancy. The wedding, she tells me, will be at St. Michael's, Chester Square, and there will be six child bridesmaids and a page, all of them relations of either her fiancé or herself.



Mr. Nicholas Georgiadis, the Greek painter (top), at the opening of his current exhibition at the Hamilton Galleries, St. George St., Hanover Square. He came to England in 1953 and was a student at the Slade, where he now teaches. He has designed sets for, among others, the Royal Opera, the Metropolitan, New York, and the Vienna Opera. The picture he is sitting by is called "The Inmate." Above, left: Miss Niky Levi, from Milan, at the private view. Above, right: Miss Lily Papadakis from Athens, who is studying at the Monkey Club



Who can track the steps of the ballet, and further, who can reproduce them step by step? The solution has been achieved through choreology, a system developed by Rudolf and Joan Benesh that can be written on the five-line stave of music for dancers to follow. Here Mrs. Benesh performs the curtsy that ends a dance. Notation in the top space indicates "head bent forward"; dots and curve in the second space and on third line "arms spreading out"; cross in third space "body forward"; crosses above fourth space "knees bent"; large dot with intersecting line indicates "left foot sliding to back from position of

A system of notation that would safeguard our ballet traditions has baffled choreographers for more than 500 years. In solving that problem, said Miss Jennie Lee, Under-Secretary of State for Education and Science, Joan & Rudolf Benesh are opening a new chapter in the history of the dance. Miss Lee was opening the Institute of Choreology's new building in Margravine Gardens, Barons Court; previously the Beneshes had taught the system from their Wimbledon home. The Royal Ballet Company adopted this system three or four years ago, but it now seems probable that it will become standard teaching in England. *Right:* The Institute's librarian, Miss Linda Pilkington, herself a qualified choreologist, reads over a score with Anne de Clemont and Deidre Lee, students from the Royal Ballet School. *Far right:* Joan Benesh explains the symbols on the blackboard before demonstrating the moves they represent. The capital V under the stave signifies the stage, the lines in the V refer to the general position of the corps on the stage and the figures stand for the number of dancers in the different groups into which the corps divides during the movements. *Below:* Dame Ninette de Valois, at whose request the first ballet (*The Lady and the Fool*) was recorded in Benesh notation, Miss Jennie Lee, M.P., Sir Frederick Ashton, Mr. Rudolf Benesh and Sir Miles Clifford at the official opening of the new premises. *Opposite page:* Charts have to be read all through the dance, calling for great concentration and co-ordination of eyes and limbs



NOTATION TO THE DANCE





RETURN TO DEVA

by John Winton with photographs by Morris Newcombe

The trouble with Chester is that it is really much too picturesque to be true. Its landmarks, with their evocative names—the Goblin Tower, the Bridge of Sighs, the Stanley Palace—are a brochure writer's dream. The main streets still follow the courses of the original roads inside the first Chester—the Roman fortress of Deva. Chester Rows, dating from the Middle Ages, are unique in the world and form the principal shopping precincts of a miniature city.

But the most significant point about Chester is never demonstrated in the publicity material: behind the traditional Cheshire black and white façade of its city centre, Chester is quietly perpetrating one of the smoothest confidence tricks of all time.

For the hard truth is, Chester is too picturesque to be wholly genuine. Many of the gabled and half-timbered houses in the city centre are less than 100 years old; they were built or reconstructed by the 1st Duke of Westminster late in the 19th century. Agricola's Tower in the castle dates from the 13th century, but most of Chester Castle was only completed in 1813 by Thomas Harrison, the architect of much of 19th-century Chester, including the Assize Courts and the Northgate. In the brochures Chester is a "medieval city." Certainly some genuine medieval buildings remain, but most of Chester is no more "medieval" than Harlow New Town.

The hard-headed Cestrians make no bones about it. Their city has depended on trade since A.D. 70, when the first canny Cestrian set up his stall outside the Porta Praetoria to sell sandal straps and souvenirs to the men of the 20th (Valeria Victrix) Legion. Chester's coat of arms bears halved lions passant, and wheatsheaves. A cash register rampant, on a field of trading stamps, would serve as well. The old town is now encircled by industry, but Chester's prosperity rests on her position as the most attractive (and also the wealthiest) shopping centre in the North West.

Recently, the greasepaint has been wearing thin. Chester has the highest retail shopping income per head of any town in the country—but her percentage of regional trading has actually dropped in the last 10 years. The large Cheshire county women, head-scarved and furry-booted, still stride through the Rows—but no longer with quite the same authority, nor in quite the same numbers. In contrast to Lancaster, which has largely abdicated its position to Manchester and Preston, Chester is still very much the county town of the County Palatine—but her application for a university was refused (ironically, in favour of Lancaster). The peculiarly Cestrian pageants, the assizes, the miracle plays, the regattas, still draw the visitors—but there are seismic rumblings of dissatisfaction in the city and a mounting feeling that Chester should be promoted more

vigorously. The City Council are bombarded with public relations schemes and reports from every kind of local body, from the Civic Trust to the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Meanwhile, a lively (and in *The Chester Chronicle*, militantly radical) local press hovers on the sidelines, eager to shout encouragement or reproof.

The Council's great P.R. offensive is starting very slowly. New ventures always do begin slowly in Chester. But once a Cestrian institution becomes established, it goes on for ever. Racehorses have run on the Roodee, that tight little circuit between the Dee and the city wall, since 1540; owners of winning and placed horses have received Cheshire cheeses as part of their prize for the last 100 years. In 1541, King's School was founded, and Chester had its first Bishop, John Bird. The first issue of the *Chester Courant* was published in 1730. The City Club, Chester's equivalent of White's, has occupied the same premises since 1807. And this year, on St. George's Day, the Royal Dee Yacht Club celebrated its 150th anniversary.

It is a very clubbable little city, with more than 250 guilds, clubs, associations and societies. They cover a rich and fantastic variety—everything from the tongue twisting Chester & North Wales Architectural, Archaeological and Historical Society to the enigmatically named Electrical Association for Women, and from the exotic National Cactus & Succulent Society (Chester & District Branch) to the athletic Chester Netball League and Deva Judo Kwai.

Several Chester clubs have the prefix "Grosvenor," including the Grosvenor Club, a rival to the City Club, and the signs of Chester's long and mutually profitable connection with the Grosvenor family can be traced in landmarks all over the city: Grosvenor Road, Grosvenor Park, Grosvenor Bridge, the Grosvenor Museum, and the Grosvenor Hotel. *Le Gros Veneur* (literally, the Great Hunter) was the nickname of William the Conqueror's nephew, Hugh Lupus, the first of a line of Norman Earls of Chester who became almost as powerful as the King himself. In the 13th and early 14th centuries Chester enjoyed a heyday of prosperity which the local Chamber of Trade has been trying to recapture ever since. At a time when Liverpool was still an insignificant fishing village on a Mersey mudflat, Chester was the first seaport in the North West (the Mayor of Chester is still "Admiral of the Dee") and Chester Castle was the main launching pad for punitive raids against the Welsh. There was a rueful Welsh saying "*Mwy nag un bwa yw Ynghaer*"—"More than one yew bow in Chester."

By the end of the 14th century the earldom of Chester had reverted to the Crown, becoming one of the traditional titles conferred on the Prince of Wales, and the Grosvenors were plain knights when Richard Scrope, 1st Baron of Bolton, challenged Sir Robert Grosvenor's right to the coat of arms *azure, à bend or*—a diagonal gold band on a blue background.

There followed the famous case of Scrope v. Grosvenor. The great Welsh chieftain Owen Glendower and the country gentry of Cheshire, Lancashire and North Wales supported their local candidate, giving evidence for Grosvenor; the poet Geoffrey Chaucer was among those who gave evidence for Scrope. The case began in August, 1385, and dragged on in the courts of chivalry for

five years before Richard II decided for Scrope, offering Grosvenor *azure, à bend or* with a plain *bordure argent* for difference (i.e. the bend or with a silver lining). Grosvenor refused and took instead the familiar wheatsheaf, the *garb or* of the Westminsters.

However, the Grosvenors have had their silver lining in other ways. An extraordinarily fortunate marriage at the end of the 17th century between Sir Thomas Grosvenor and Mary, daughter of Alexander Davies, a draper and scrivener of Ebury Street, gave the Grosvenors possession of a fortune in London property (including, incidentally, the site of Buckingham Palace). The later Grosvenors, the Earls, Marquesses and latterly the Dukes of Westminster, inherited the family shrewdness over money matters. They also maintained their family's close links with Chester and today it seems not only appropriate but almost inevitable that the largest and most imaginative redevelopment of modern Chester should have been undertaken by the Grosvenor Estates, in conjunction with John Laing, the contractors.

When the Grosvenor-Laing scheme is finished at the end of this year, the shopping centre will be the first major extension of Chester Rows for 500 years. Unlike the original Rows, which are not primitive solutions to a medieval Buchanan Report but ingenious absorptions of earlier Roman and Saxon remains, the new Rows are particularly designed for the motor car, with car parks and underground service roads.

In the last 10 years Chester and the motor car have met head on, and it is not yet certain which will be the winner. Road traffic has begun to strangle the city's 20th century shopping trade as effectively as the silting of the Dee estuary choked her 15th century sea trade. The motor car is the chief instrument of change that has rudely awakened Chester from a hundred years' sleep. Hugh Lupus' city now has jazz clubs and Chinese restaurants and striptease. The city walls, from which Charles I watched his army's defeat in the closing stages of the battle of Rowton Moor, are now heavily inscribed with Beattle graffiti. Soon, the nine storeys of a new police headquarters—apparently commissioned, designed and started before anyone in Chester could protest—will dominate the Nun's Field and the entrance to Chester Castle, where Richard II and the Earl of Salisbury "mounted on two little nagges not worth 40 francs" were brought as prisoners.

Chester is haunted by nostalgia for the pre-automobile era. The city is now struggling, as a matter of survival, to come to terms with the motor car. Once upon a time, when all other weapons had proved useless, the Cestrians dispersed marauding Vikings by hurling beehives at them from the city wall. The modern Cestrians are searching for a far more complex solution, because not only must the Viking now be encouraged to come in, but he must also be given somewhere to park his car.

Colonel The Duke of Westminster, D.S.O., is the head of the Grosvenor family who have been connected with the city since his formidable ancestor Hugh Lupus, the nephew of William the Conqueror, was created Earl of Chester. The portrait behind the Duke is of Mary Davies, whose marriage to Sir Thomas Grosvenor brought the family a large fortune in London property

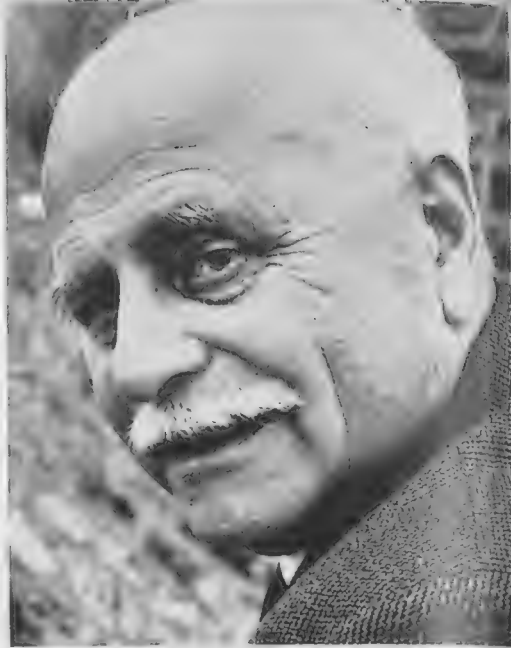




Above: Mr. George Ridley has served the Grosvenor Estates imaginatively for 40 years and is now Senior Trustee and chairman of Grosvenor-Laing. Behind him work is in progress on the new shopping centre, the first major extension of Chester Rows in five centuries. **Top:** The Bishop of Chester, Dr. Gerald Ellison, led the abortive attempt to bring a university to Chester. Though disappointed by the failure, he still believes strongly in the city's future. Dr. Ellison makes frequent speeches in the House of Lords, is also well-known in the rowing world and umpired this year's Boat Race. **Right:** Mr. Alfred Catherall, antique dealer, collector, painter and picture restorer, with his young son Jonathan. Mr. Catherall lives in and conducts the family antique business from Tudor House, built in 1503 and the oldest inhabited building in the city. In the past he has held exhibitions of contemporary painting there but without, he says, rousing much enthusiasm from the conservative citizens. **Far right, top:** Mary Jordan stands in front of her millinery shop in Watergate Street Row, God's Providence House. **Far right, below:** Mr. Tom Bithell's family have been hiring out boats on the Dee since the end of the 19th century. Mr. Bithell yearns nostalgically for the pre-transistor *Three Men in a Boat* days: "Young men don't change into their flannels and bring a picnic basket and a girl on the river any more"







Above: Mr. Robin Wills is the new manager of the Grosvenor Hotel and takes charge at a crucial time when the traditional county town hotel facilities are being enlarged to encourage business conventions and conferences to come to Chester. Mr. Wills worked in the family tobacco business for a year before turning to hotel management. **Above right:** Miss Elaine Banham, general manager of the Chester Playhouse, was photographed during a rehearsal of Coward's *Fallen Angels* in which she played Jane Banbury. Miss Banham arrived from London a year ago armed only with a list of names and her own powers of persuasion. In January the Playhouse, the city's first resident rep for many years, opened with a performance of Shaw's *Arms & the Man*, in a converted 18th-century chapel in Queen Street. **Above, far right:** Mr. George Mottershead started Chester Zoo in 1930 in the face of bitter opposition from Chester City and Rural District Councils who apparently equated "zoo" with "fun-fair." Today Chester Zoo has more than a million visitors a year, more than any other provincial zoo. Mr. Mottershead was photographed in the Tropical House, the largest of its kind in the world. **Right:** Mr. Dennis Petch is curator of the Grosvenor Museum and in charge of archaeological excavations in Chester. Recent developments in the city centre have unearthed large sections of the Roman fortress of Deva, but there has been little time for excavation as, for the last 18 months, Mr. Petch and his small staff have been working only one trench ahead of the bulldozers. **Opposite page:** Mrs. Basil Jones runs Hendersons, the specialists' furnishing shop in St. Michael's Arcade, in partnership with her husband. Cestrian born, Mrs. Jones is a J.P. and one of a small group of people who take a vigorous part in Chester's public life. She agrees that the Grosvenor-Laing project is the best thing that could happen to Chester, but she is less certain about the effect of some of the other developments in the city centre





Fashion by Unity Barnes. The English passion for the rustic scene is acquired almost before memory begins, in those childhood summers when the days are longer, the sun brighter, the grass more tangibly green than ever

RUSTIC MINIATURES

again. Miniature rustics now find fashion going their way, too—in sturdy denim, pliant jersey and cotton prints that stand up to the most hazardous summer adventures. The photographs were taken by Patrick Lichfield.



Severely masculine jacket with a buttoned neckband, in grey and white striped denim, paired with tough grey denim shorts. By Elisabeth Designs, sizes 16 ins. to 18 ins., £2 8s., sizes 20 ins. to 22 ins., £2 12s. at Tivoli, Brompton Road; The Averys, Horsham; I. D. Junior, Broomhill, Sheffield



No-nonsense pinafore dress in grey-blue denim, with a striped tab at the neck, is designed to be worn coolly on its own, weather permitting, or to slide over a sweater. In sizes 16 ins. to 20 ins., £1 5s. White polo sweater, £1 9s. 6d. Both by Royalist, at John Barker

RUSTIC MINIATURES



Above: A dress as English as the garden background: in cornflower blue and white Liberty lawn, piped with blue. Sizes 18 ins. and 20 ins., £3 19s. 6d., size 22 ins., 4 gns. at Hayfords, 205 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1

Above right: Marigold and leaf-green printed cotton shift, with a little kerchief for the head, all edged with marigold braid, sizes 20 ins. to 24 ins., £1 10s., sizes 26 ins. to 30 ins., £1 15s. (these prices include postage) from Smalltalk, Little Dunmow, Essex



Big yellow, green and white flowers on blue glazed cotton make a pair of high-summer dresses with little green collars. By Mary Louise, sizes



Union Jack colours have a robust simplicity that makes an instant appeal to the colour-conscience young. The navy blue linen-weave dress has an inset bib of red and white stripes. By Chilprufe, sizes 20 ins. to 24 ins., from £1 3s. 9d. at the Civil Service Stores; Hicks, High Wycombe; Pollard, Frodsham

RUSTIC MINIATURES



Red, white and blue stripes circle the bodice of a cotton jersey dress, above a navy skirt. By MMT of Sweden, sizes 16 ins. to 28 ins., from £1 17s. 3d. Red, white and blue cotton sailor hats, 13s. 11d. All at Pollyanna, 35 Thayer Street, W.1. Dungarees in navy denim with a fire-engine red bib striped in navy, by Anna Modeller of Sweden, worn with a navy cotton jersey polo sweater. Dungarees, sizes 1 to 3, £2 6s. 6d.; sweater, sizes 22 ins. to 26 ins., £1 2s. 6d. Both at Small Wonder, 206 A, King's Road, S.W. 3.

RUSTIC MINIATURES



Above: Diminutively chic black and white cotton party dress with a high, frilled waistline. By Grade One, sizes 18 ins. to 24 ins., £1 19s. 11d. at Woollands

Above right: Bedtime story in a dressing gown of white cotton, scattered with huge, paintbox flowers and lined (reversibly) with apple-green towelling. By Vanja of Denmark, sizes 2 to 6, £6 11s. 6d. at Liberty



Corded cotton dress in china blue and white with an outsize white Puritan collar, sizes 18 ins. to 24 ins., £2 3s. Brass-buttoned jacket and trousers for a brother are part of a trio, with shorts as well, sizes 18 ins. to 24 ins., £2 10s. the set. Both from Little People Postal Boutique, 8 Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, London, W.1

THE HOW-TO-GET-THEM-OUTSIDE GAME

The first essential, fairly obviously, is to have a decent outside to get them into. It's maddening to say primly to a child, "At your age I was never indoors—I was always outside climbing trees and damming streams," when the nearest trees are in Regent's Park and the nearest stretch of water is the Thames, about which the Port of London Authority has its own ideas. There's no doubt that London children are at a disadvantage on fine summer days, when the only really worthwhile place to be is the country or the seaside. But they do have consoling facilities to fill in the bad-weather days. And for Londoners with even the smallest garden there are inducements to tempt the most TV-addicted child outdoors

Counterspy by Angela Ince

1 Swing them into squares 2, 3 and 4 with something to climb. Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, 94 Wimpole Street, W.1, sell a safe and solidly built climbing frame, weather-proofed so that it can be left permanently outside. It costs £31 5s., arrives in four flat sections, and all you need to assemble it is a screwdriver. A 12 ft. slide to hook on to the frame costs £11 18s. 9d. Galt's, 30, Great Marlborough Street, W.1, combine a galvanized steel climbing tower with a sisal scrambling net; 6 ft. high and 9 ft. long, it costs £22 16s. 6d. This shop also has rotproof polythene rope ladders, 10 ft. long, 45s.

14 Propel them still further in square 14 into a sport in which you need not yourself participate. Most people would agree that a child who can't swim is a danger to itself and other people, and quite apart from that, it's a great deal of fun; if you want to know where you can find swimming facilities in London, write to or ring up the Central Council of Physical Recreation, 29 Park Crescent, W.1 (LAN 6822), who can also give you details of golf and tennis schools. A list of riding schools approved by the British Horse Society can be got from their headquarters, 16 Bedford Square, W.C.1 (LAN 7206)

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4



5

Paddle them into squares 6 and 7 with sand and water. Galt's have a sandpit 4 ft. square, with two corner seats, which costs £5 14s. For those who don't wish their sandpit to become the modish wash-and-brush-up rendezvous for every cat in the neighbourhood, it is as well to fix some sort of cover when you're not around. Abbatt's have sets of polythene sand-tools, including a sieve, some moulds, and a bucket and spade, for 5s. 11d. the set, and a sturdy wooden set of rake, shovel, hoe and mallet, for 7s. 9d. They also sell a large unbreakable plastic tray which makes a pretty decent pool, 30 in. by 22 in. by 4½ in. deep, for £5 11s.

12

Sneak them into square 13 with something to hide in: Abbott's have 2-ft. wooden cubes with one side open and a porthole to peer through, £12 6s. each. The toy department at Gamage's, High Holborn, have a wooden playhouse at 5 gns., and canvas wigwams; a 5-ft. Chieftain wigwam costs 39s. 6d., a 6-ft. Indian wigwam costs 54s. 11d.

11



10

Exercise them into square 11 with a Gym Set; it can be hung outdoors or in, and consists of two stout ropes to which you clip either a horizontal bar or rings or a swing. 57s. 6d. from Galt's

9



6



7



8

Bounce them into square 9 with a Bounce-back; basically a steel frame with a tough nylon net that throws the ball back at you; 59s. 6d., Galt's

on plays

Pat Wallace / A voice there's no mistaking

One doesn't recommend oysters or, for that matter, caviar. One waits to see if one's acquaintance likes them before inviting him to eat them or, more frugally, watching him while he does. So it is with the work of Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett, whose novels I find, as do many, many others, delectable. But just as Max Beer-bohm divided people arbitrarily into categories of hosts and guests, so there are fans and un-fans of this very special novelist in the world of readers. Now for the first time one of her novels, **A Heritage and its History**, has been prepared for the stage by Mr. Julian Mitchell and produced at the Phoenix Theatre with, as far as I am concerned, the most striking success.

As usual in Miss Compton-Burnett's work, the period is somewhere about the turn of the century, the family concerned a prosperous, mildly aristocratic one, and the pervading atmosphere that of almost rigid respectability. This appearance of conventional rectitude, however—and equally as usual—covers deep undercurrents of passion, of possessive greed, even of dark menaces of incest, while the language in which the story is told remains as elegantly formal, in some opinions as stilted, as an older literary habit demands. In her novels the author never compromises with this style and no one ever needed to compromise less. Mr. Mitchell has, with exceptional tact, left it inviolate and together with the director, Mr. Frank Hauser, has concentrated on preserving the exact spirit of the author's writing. I believe that the lady has been heard to observe that since all her books are written principally in dialogue there can be no great difficulty in dramatizing them, but this is not to denigrate Mr. Mitchell's skill or his fine ear for the original nuances.

The action, if one may use such a boisterous word, takes place in a big country house owned by Sir Edwin Challoner and shared by his sister-in-law, Julia, and her two sons, Walter and Simon. When Sir Edwin marries a far younger wife Rhoda, the household is naturally a little perturbed about the future standing of its members, but the bride's amiability reassures them and everyone

accepts the baby who arrives after the statutory interval and to no one's surprise. Least surprised of all is Simon, who is, in fact, the baby's father, though married to Rhoda's sister, Fanny.

Sir Edwin Challoner regards the child as his own and the secret is kept for 24 years, when Simon finds that his illegitimate son has fallen in love with Naomi, a daughter of Simon's legitimate marriage and therefore a half-sister. Then, to prevent a disastrous marriage, the truth must out, and the revelations have something Greek in their intensity and in the declarations of new loyalties and new renunciations. The young man instinctively turns to Sir Edwin, whom, after the years of affection, he regards as his true father, and eventually in his turn marries an older and rich wife whose position in the family becomes that of a kindly but detached observer.

To say that she has much to reflect on is putting it conservatively, for as well as the emotions of filial and sexual love there is a little matter of inheritance, Sir Edwin being now in his 90s and the estate passing to Hamish, though he has promised to hand it over to his actual father, Simon. What in fact happens is that Hamish, after his materially successful marriage, conveniently forgets this earlier arrangement and waltzes back to claim the inheritance until prevented by his more clear-sighted wife, who insists on Simon and Simon's children being recognized as the heirs with the better claim.

The playwright has perfectly followed the writer's intention and one is left with a satisfying sense of having followed a very real family through a quarter of a century of vicissitudes and violent though civilly worded drama.

Mr. Hauser's direction is in keeping with the whole feeling of the play and its original, and the tendency to stiff, hieratic poses, especially in the last scene, is beautifully imagined. For myself, it was one of the best evenings I have spent in a theatre for months and I hope, in all sincerity, that the play and its admirable staging will be an effective way of introducing the work of one of our most remarkable authors to a far wider audience.



Paul Rogers as the father, and Vivien Merchant as his daughter-in-law, in Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* at the Aldwych



PHOTOGRAPHS: DOUGLAS JEFFERY

Rehearsing for John Arden's *Left-Handed Liberty* at the Mermaid Theatre: Bernard Miles as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Patrick Wymark as King John. The play commemorates the sealing of Magna Carta in 1215

on films

Elspeth Grant / The nether depths

Unlike producer-director Robert Aldrich, in whose "horror" films (*Whatever Happened to Baby Jane* and *Hush Hush Sweet Charlotte*) the shocks are so obviously calculated and superimposed that they can be laughed off, the brilliant young Polish director Roman Polanski doesn't appear to consider audience reaction at all. He is simply the observer of a human problem and his detachment from his characters and his audience is pitiless

and complete. I was chilled by his award-winning *Knife in the Water*—I was petrified by **Repulsion** ("X") which Mr. Polanski wrote in collaboration with Gerard Brach and personally directed.

Here, standing aside and watching, asking no sympathy and giving none either, he invites you too to watch a beautiful young girl change from a compulsive fantasist into a homicidal maniac. If you accept the invitation, steel

yourself to remain as aloof as Mr. Polanski or you may be utterly unnerved by this terrifying film. There is nothing in it that can be dismissed with a laugh, except perhaps one of hysteria.

The girl (Catherine Deneuve) is obsessed and repelled by the idea of sex. She shares a semi-squalid London flat with her sister (Yvonne Furneaux) whose married lover (Ian Hendry) spends occasional nights there. They are nights of torment for the listening girl, to whom every sound has an erotic significance as she lies awake trembling with disgust. Or desire? Who's to say?

The sister leaves, with lover, for an Italian holiday. The girl, alone, becomes increasingly unable to cope with reality—increasingly enclosed in her private world. She drifts about the flat seeing only what is in her mind's eye. She is deaf and blind to everything but the aural and visual fragments of her imagination; the cracks that appear with a sound of gunfire in walls and ceiling; the unknown assailant who forces open a barricaded door to rape her, the disembodied arms that grope after her in a narrow passage, the men who nightly invade her bed and assault her.

In revenge for these hallucinatory horrors and humiliations she commits two murders. A young man (John Fraser) who calls to see her she bludgeons to death with a heavy brass candlestick; her importunate landlord (Patrick Wymark) she hacks to pieces with a cut-throat razor. The ferocity of these attacks is appalling—insane. Well, Mr. Polanski seems to say coolly, there you are—that's insanity for you. And maybe it is, but can or should it be viewed quite so dispassionately?

A definition of "repulsion" is "the tendency of bodies to increase their mutual distance." The distance between Mr. Polanski and myself has been immeasurably increased by his latest film, so I must concede that the title, at least, is justified but I can find no excuse anywhere for his resolutely cold-blooded, verging on the inhuman, approach to a subject which, to persons of normal sensibility, cries out for compassion.

I'm told by a man who lives there that if you start at the bottom in Montreal you can work your way up into the millionaire class in a couple of years. **The Luck of Ginger Coffey** (an extremely well-made film, based on Brian

Moore on his novel of that name and directed by Irvin Kershner) is about a character who would prefer to start at the top. An optimistic Irish immigrant of 39 with a jaunty manner that grows a trifle dog-eared as the film wears on, Ginger has a grand opinion of himself.

The jobs he has taken and lost have never been good enough for him—the one he settles for, as a proof-reader on a newspaper, isn't either, but he successfully kids himself that it will lead to his becoming a reporter, maybe an editor even. Things are going to turn out fine—but of course they don't. Robert Shaw makes Ginger so decent and stupid and likeable, one could scream with exasperation when he throws away the only real chance he's ever been offered simply to follow a foolish dream.

Mary Ure gives her best performance to date as Ginger's Irish wife, so fed up after 15 years of marriage that she's prepared to leave him, and Liam Redmond as an ogreish editor cracks the whip splendidly in a newspaper office which, for once, could be the real thing. Montreal in the snow looks pretty bleak, and the film is not all that cosy either, but it has a ring of truth and a feeling of essential kindness, and it deserves to be seen.

In **I'll Take Sweden** ("X"), directed by Frederic De Cordova, two Americans—Bob Hope and his daughter, Tuesday Weld—are amazed to find how generally the Swedes indulge in pre-marital honeymoons. The custom, apparently unheard of in America, is encouraged by Swedish hotel keepers who leeringly urge unwed couples to "enjoy" themselves as they usher them into double bedrooms that are mostly bed. Mr. Hope pairs off with a Swedish dame (Dina Merrill) and Miss Weld with a Swedish wolf (Jeremy Slate) and all are bent on a spot of illicit "enjoyment"—but, of course, they're never allowed to get around to it. It's that sort of sickeningly coy film—and about as funny as a kick on the shin.

Robert Mitchum lazes his way through **Mister Moses** (directed by Ronald Neame) as a diamond smuggling con man who, to his astonishment, is chosen by an African tribe to lead them from their condemned village to a distant promised land. All good, clean open-air stuff—with Carroll Baker as a missionary's daughter. Yes really.

on books

Oliver Warner / A choice of charity

A. L. Barker's new novel **A Case Examined** (Hogarth Press 25s.) is, on the face of it, about disagreement in an informal committee summoned by a woman who wants help in deciding who shall benefit from a modest charity. It includes a long, detailed reminiscence about the same woman's early experiences in France and Switzerland. There is, of course, a connection between the two themes, but I can't explain it, for it baffles me. That is my misfortune, but it doesn't greatly matter, since the individual parts are all so well constructed that I savoured every careful word. This is, I think, as good as anything this authoress has written.

It was a mere few weeks ago that Ursula Bloom published a novel, **The Ugly Head**, which was noticed in this column. Now she has composed a study of her mother, **Price Above Rubies** (Hutchinson 21s.). Like so many writers of fiction, when she is at grips with fact I think she allows her gifts to take charge far too often. By this I mean that while her mother undoubtedly comes to life, she is exactly like a character in a book: convincing but invented. Life, surely, is not quite as patterned as it appears in *Price Above Rubies*, nor does it move at quite the pace that Miss Bloom employs. She always writes at a gallop, and though this makes for easy reading, it leaves one a little breathless.

The Fine Art of Political Wit by Leon Harris (Cassell 30s.) ranges in subject from the times of Sheridan and Franklin to that of our own Mr. Wilson. It is so crammed with barbs that I will quote some examples. Winston Churchill of Stafford Cripps: "There but for the grace of God, goes God." Harold Macmillan on Harold Wilson, who according to the Tories had invented a childhood so poor that he had no boots: "If Harold Wilson ever went to school without any boots, it was merely because he was too big for them." Asked why he didn't get Ministers of greater ability to serve in his Cabinet, Clemenceau replied: "Geese, not eagles, saved the capital."

The Concise British Flora in Colour by W. Keble Martin (Ebury Press and Michael Joseph 35s.) is the triumphant result of no less than 60 years of meticulous and devoted

study, research, note-taking, and fine draughtsmanship. Of the thousands of species described in the text, nearly 1,400 are shown in what the blurb calls "full colour." Nobody has ever accused me of partiality for most modern colour printing, but in this case the printers, Jarrold of Norwich, have done an exceptional job of work, and with a respectable glossary, a full index, and strong binding, this is likely to become not only a standard work but one to which owners will turn with affection.

The World on the Last Day by Davis Stacton (Faber 35s.) is about the sack of Constantinople by the Turks in May 1453, its causes and consequences. One of them was to send a branch of the imperial house of Palaeologus to exile in Cornwall, and I have long cherished the discovery that Lieutenant John Palaeologus served in the Parliamentary Army during our own Civil War, later becoming a sailor. Mr. Stacton is not concerned with such interesting trivia. His book is a straightforward narrative of one of the more exciting and significant events that led, directly and swiftly, to the Renaissance in Western Europe. Perhaps that was enough justification for the dreadful events of the siege, at any rate in an historical sense.

It is a big step from Byzantium to World War II. In **The Thousand Plan** by Ralph Barker (Chatto & Windus 30s.) the full story is told of the massive bomber raid on Cologne, on the night of 30-31 May, 1942, which started up that intensive aerial war against Germany which was continued till she was defeated. I think the author claims too much for the raid and its effects, but nothing can ever dim the achievement of the magnificent young men who flew in the belief that they were doing more to win the war than anyone else could do.

Finally, there is **Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines** by Ronald Searle, Allen Andrews and Bill Richardson (Dobson 21s.) It has, I need hardly say, nothing whatever to do with Cologne or the R.A.F. It is a fantasia about the early days of flying, and if you enjoy Searle as much as I do, you will find it very funny.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / The advance from Moscow

Ever since 1959, when the Royal Academy's exhibition of Russian painting confirmed our worst fears of what art was like in the Soviet Union, Mr. Eric Estorick of the Grosvenor Gallery has been striving to prove that things are not as bad as they seemed then. In a series of exhibitions during the past few years he has introduced us to the work of several notable artists who are evidently not slaves of Socialist Realism. Last year, when he showed the work of about 70 artists under the title *Aspects of Contemporary Soviet Art*, the paintings of one man in particular attracted the attention and praise of English critics. That man is Oskar Rabin, a 37-year-old Muscovite whose canvases now fill the Grosvenor Gallery.

That this is Rabin's first one-man show, not only in this country but anywhere, gives little cause for belief or hope that the official attitude to painting in the USSR has changed much since 1959 when,

in the catalogue of the R.A.'s exhibition, Mr. G. Nedoshivin wrote: *It is well known that Soviet art is following the path of social realism. It insists on the principles of truth, high ideals, and closeness to the people who are building communist society. And later: The absence from the exhibition of works analogous to the widespread tendencies in the West, such as tachism, surrealism, abstract painting, etc., reflects the non-existence of such tendencies in Soviet art.*

Not that Rabin is a tachist, a surrealist or an abstract painter. He is basically a traditional Russian painter. His favourite subjects are landscapes, townscapes and still-life. His colour is generally sombre—greys, greens, blues, black, and only occasional touches of red—but the quality of his brushwork is rich and exciting. If it stopped there his work would probably have official blessing but he has an irritating way of introducing elements of Western decadence into many of his pictures.

For example, at first glance many of them seem to incorporate elements of collage. But, on close examination, what appears to be a scrap of printed paper or a label stuck on the canvas, turns out to be a meticulously painted piece of *trompe l'oeil* lettering (it comes as no surprise to learn that he makes his living as a poster and window display artist).

When he paints cityscapes of places he has seen only in picture postcards—Paris, London, New York—he may letter the place name across the sky, or paint a postage stamp or a franking stamp there. Traffic signals, too, fascinate him and sometimes he introduces a diagrammatic version of one into a landscape with a result analogous to Brecht's *verfremdungseffekt*. Then there are the cats, curious, comical cats that pop up in the most unexpected places. Rabin explains: *And there were masses of cats in the village where I lived. We had a big tabby that we were very fond of, too, and whenever I could fit him or some of the other cats into a picture I did. . . . Sometimes they looked more like devils than anything else, sometimes they looked like the lever that changes the railway points, sometimes they looked like curly signatures.*

And sometimes they look like the creations of Dubuffet. And this may be why officials like Mr. Nedoshivin regard Rabin with so little favour that he has never had a one-man show in his own country. Yet it seems unlikely that he knows anything of Dubuffet and more probable that his cats are directly descended from the witches' familiars of Russian folklore. For underneath its somewhat superficial "modern" look Rabin's painting belongs to the mainstream of Russian art and carries on from that point where it was interrupted by the extreme dogmatism of Socialist Realism.

Gallery diary

Some British Illustrators, 1840-1940: Fine Art Society, New Bond St., to 26 June.

Géricault to Courbet: Roland, Browse & Delbanco, to 26 June.

John Lavrin (paintings), Geoffrey Wickham (sculpture); Alwin Gallery, Brook St., to 30 June.

Trends in Contemporary British Painting: Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 3 July.

Café Royal Centenary Art Exhibition: Café Royal, Regent St., to 9 July.



Electrical Pylons from the work of Oskar Rabin reviewed above

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Paradise for pianists

The full value of the piano, in its role as jazz instrument, can only be revealed by those who have an exceptional talent for melody, harmony, and rhythm. One of the consistently great exponents, and also a main stylistic influence, is Earl Hines, who, as a youthful 59, recorded last year a remarkable trio set under the title *Fatha* (CBS). To describe his work on this album as brilliant would be an understatement, yet to attempt further eulogy in prose would not only be beyond my own limited definitions, but would equally be inadequate as an assessment of the pianist's contribution. Suffice it to say that this is the work of an outstanding improviser at his very best.

Both Les McCann and Oscar Peterson have the technical ability to lay down a strong beat, but it is interesting to hear how much further Peterson can extend himself in *We Get Requests* (Verve),

especially in one of his own compositions, *Goodbye J. D.*, where the apparent complexity of the beat is emphasized by his smooth top line. McCann's album *Les's Groove* (Fontana) has a rather monotonous sound, only relieved by the subtle guitar playing of Joe Pass. By contrast, Pete Johnson's blues and boogie piano work on Joe Turner's *Jumpin' The Blues* (Fontana) is another sparkling display of rhythmic accompaniment. The session dates back to 1948, but the music is the Kansas City jazz of 10 or 15 years before, with tough swinging lyrics, and hard hitting piano music.

Thelonious Monk has contributed two albums in recent months, of which the more recent is *Thelonious Alone in San Francisco* (Riverside). Here the underlying simplicity of the music is deceptive, in that he often spends several bars exploring the possibilities of one single chord. I find this

solo album more intriguing in its exposure of a great contemporary influence than *Monk* (CBS), in which the pianist is joined by his regular trio. The essence of his approach is that of the non-conformist, and in this respect he lives up to his reputation, whatever he plays.

Anyone who saw Bill Evans, either during his recent month's sojourn at Ronnie Scott's, or on the television recording he made for the B.B.C. while he was in England, will recall the vivid sight of this apparent genius of the piano sitting hunched over the keyboard as though his very life depended on his hitting the right note next. The close concentration that appears to precipitate the highly specialized jazz of Bill Evans is evident in *Sunday at the Village Vanguard* (Riverside). This 1961 session was by chance the last that bassist Scott LaFaro ever played with the trio, for he was killed in a car crash a few days later. For some listeners his work even surpasses Bill's, but the *entente* of the trio is so immaculate in its live performance here that I feel it represents some sort of

milestone in jazz, never to be repeated. *Dig It* (Fontana) catches Bill Evans in an equally quizzical mood, but leaning less heavily on the function of the bass player, so that his piano playing is forced to the front to a greater extent. The music still ranks high in the field of harmonic exploration.

The styles of Ahmad Jamal and Erroll Garner are comparable only in the sense that they both use a full-fisted orchestral method of piano playing, and employ the same type of percussive effects to achieve their ends. *Naked City Theme* (Chess) is the first album by Jamal for some two or more years, and shows that he has attempted to advance his approach from the rather precious way he used to treat most themes. The results are pleasing, but never as complete and emphatic as the amazing ramifications conceived by the one and only Erroll Garner, whose *Move* (Fontana) has me as delighted by every chord and chorus as it did when I first heard these pieces nearly 10 years ago. Erroll ranks with Hines in my musical vocabulary as one of the great creative pianists of his era.

DINING IN

Helei Burke / The advantages of freezing

The home deep-freeze cabinet is here to stay and has brought about a new kind of catering which might be called double-barrel cooking. Last week, a friend was telling me of her English Electric deep-freeze cabinet. She has an executive job which keeps her in London five days of the week. On Friday evenings she lets her housekeeper off and travels to the country, where she looks after her father during the week-end. There were relations staying with them at Easter and practically every important dish had been made weeks—some of them months—beforehand. Instead of making one dish for immediate use, she made two and stored the second in the deep-freeze cabinet.

Two beefsteak & kidney pies, for instance. To begin with, the meats for both were cooked separately from the pastry. If this does not disturb your conception of how a beefsteak & kidney pie should be made, you might be tempted to do the same, if you have one of these

useful deep-freeze cabinets. One pie of cold cooked meat was covered with pastry and baked; the other, containing the cold cooked meat, was covered with uncooked pastry and quick frozen until wanted. By making double quantities of other dishes and deep-freezing half of them, my friend had also four main courses for four main meals—*Boeuf Bourguignonne*, *Coq au Vin*, *Carbonade of Beef* and *Blanquette de Veau*.

In addition her cabinet contained 6 Scotch salmon cutlets, 6 Dover soles and 6 fillet steaks, all frozen raw. It was a simple matter to defrost and season the salmon steaks, wrap them in well-buttered greaseproof paper and poach them for 15 minutes while making the Hollandaise sauce.

Other pastries in the cabinet included a deep apple pie and two flan cases. One of these was destined to be turned into a *Quiche Lorraine* and the other into a strawberry-pineapple flan, the filling having been

stored in a jar since the previous year.

Model 7200 is simply a plain cabinet without fittings of any kind. I find their absence a boon rather than a drawback. Large items like a whole turkey or chicken or duck or a whole salmon need no identification because they are there to be seen. For smaller items in my deep-freeze cabinet, I use a series of nylon bags.

They come in different colours so, for quick frozen packet foods, I use a red one for meats, a pale blue one for fish and a green one for vegetables. There is no fear of any of these being lost in the cabinet as might be the case if tucked away at the back of a shelf. For my own "parcels" of food I generally use polythene bags or firm plastic containers. Little celluloid tickets with holes in them to make them attachable identify other items.

Though these deep-freeze cabinets are capacious enough to hold up to 124 pounds of frozen foods, each occupies no more than 21 inches square of floor space and stands 37 inches high, including the lid. It opens and loads from the top, an advantage because the cold air inside then "stays put." The price, including purchase tax, is only £52 10s. Once installed and the thermostat

automatically set, the temperature is maintained at 0 to -5 degrees Fahr. or -18 to -22 degrees Centigrade. A cabinet fitted with shelves costs more.

Full directions come with each cabinet but I would say this: when unfrozen foods go into the cabinet, they should rest on the bottom and, if possible, side for quick efficient freezing; after they are frozen, they can be moved anywhere. Bought quick-frozen food should simply be placed in its identifiable bag, then in the cabinet.

I do not freeze foods I can readily buy but people with large gardens will want to freeze and store peas, broad beans and runner beans when there is a glut. Possessors of shoots will want to store game birds when there have been good bags of them, and anglers their surplus fish.

In my deep-freeze cabinet at the moment, in addition to packets of quick frozen fish, chicken and vegetables and the halves of dishes of which I have made double amounts, I have a large plastic jar containing the best and most delicious turkey stock. It was made three months or so ago from the carcase, stuffings and herbs, and I can draw on it for the enrichment of any number of savoury dishes.



TROUBLE-FREE HOLIDAY HAIR

Face-framing style is by John of Knightsbridge, the hair curves about the ears, round the head, veils the forehead. John of Knightsbridge's new salon has now opened at 22, East Street, Brighton (Tel: Brighton 25402) where a shampoo and set costs 15s. 6d.

Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes

We all long for good-tempered hair, especially on holiday. Simplest way of having mermaid locks by day and a well-groomed head in the evening is, of course, a wig or hairpiece. The alternative is to be able to set your hair yourself and this is not too difficult, provided that you start off with a professional cut and a Plix set, and assemble a comprehensive set of hair preparations. To begin with you will need a shampoo. Sand and salt water must be washed out of the hair. Choose a Breck shampoo according to your hair type or, if it is extra dry, a Bristow Lanoline Cream shampoo. Silvikrin shampoo now comes in three

types in mini bottles—pink for dry hair, green for normal and lemon for oily. Take along a shampoo plus, as well, conditioner or setting lotion. The one you take must depend on your hair type. If it lacks body, Bounce, newly introduced by French of London, is the answer. This gel is applied while the hair is wet. It is then set and dried as usual. If the hair is dry and out of condition, take Countess or Tame. All you may need is a setting lotion and Tress is particularly good. Don't forget to take plenty of rollers and a card of hair grips, unless, of course, you are lucky enough to have Carmen electric hair curlers, which you can tote in their own neat travelling bag. Provided that you have fitted the correct plug—similar to that in a travelling electric iron—it will plug into the razor socket in any hotel bathroom. Though the curlers take a little longer to heat than they do at home, they are perfectly safe to use. For refreshing the hair between shampoos, take a spirit-type hair tonic and use it

whenever the head has become hot. Perspiration must not be allowed to dry on the scalp. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine is a good choice. Soak a pad of cotton wool with this and, making a series of partings, go over them with the pad until the whole head has been covered.

Lastly, there is your hair spray, perfumed or plain. Among the former are Coty's L'Aimant; Lenthéric Royal Rose; and Yardley's Pace Setter. Good examples of the unscented variety are Breck, Pantene, Elnett and Nestlé.

BEAUTY FLASH

Lancôme have five new moisturizing lipsticks, all delicately perfumed with rose, price 10s. 6d. The colours are Moderato 1, a delicate apricot shade; Moderato 2, a wild rose tint; Moderato Nacre, coral coloured and iridescent. Profond 1, a silky true red; Profond 2, a rich red. The Moderato range has a matching rouge but the nail varnish to go with it is shell pink and frosted.

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Truly the name Jaguar is one to conjure with in the motoring world. Plenty of lesser mortals may keep a tiger in their tank, but only the cognoscenti know what it is to have a Jaguar in the garage at their beck and call. And Sir William Lyons, who has raised it since it was a cub, has always sensed with uncanny accuracy what his enthusiastic followers would like him to offer them in the way of a new model. Hence the Mark 10 and, for the sports fan, the E-type; hence also the Mark 2 for those who wanted something Jaguar-ish without the sheer size of the Ten or the ultra-speed of the E.

The Mark 2 found a ready market, but some owners complained it lacked space in the back seat and in the boot. So the little grey cells of Sir William came across with yet another brainwave—to marry the front of the Mark 2 with the rear portion of the Mark 10. And thus the S-type was born. Fitting neatly between the 15 feet overall length of the Mark 2 and the 16 ft. 10 ins. of the Mark 10, at 15 ft. 8 ins. the S-type comes with either the 3.4 or 3.8 litre six-cylinder engine and the transmission can be automatic (Borg-Warner) or manual.

It was my good fortune to have the latter on the 3.8-litre car sent me to try. Not that I am an anti-automatic, but on

Dudley Noble / Tigers, Jaguars and Lyons

MOTORING

this particular model it somehow seemed more appropriate and gave me the opportunity of sampling the new gearbox Jaguars have now developed. This really is a vast improvement on its predecessor, having synchromesh to all four ratios and smooth, precise gear change control with central lever placed exactly where one wants it between the front seats.

Added to this, one can have overdrive on the manual box, bringing the great advantage of a super top gear of 2.9 to 1, which allows the engine revs to die away to a gentle burble while the speedometer needle still continues to hover around the 100 m.p.h. mark. In fact, when extended to its limit on suitable stretches of motorway, a maximum of near 120 is possible. Nor does one feel that the car is being over-driven as the speed mounts above the three figures. Years and years of steady development have enabled Jaguar's able chief engineer—Mr. William Heynes—and his henchmen to bring every mechanical part to the state of well-nigh perfection

that makes it perform, as a whole, with that unflurried charm so infinitely satisfying to the owner—also to we hardened motoring journalists who have the opportunity of driving each and every car on the markets of the world.

Because of the adoption of the independent suspension of the back wheels so thoroughly tried out on the Mark 10, the S-type is one of the most comfortably sprung cars imaginable, and it holds the road in an almost unbelievably stable manner: bumpy surfaces have little or no effect on its road-holding. Power-assisted steering (as was fitted to my trial car) is an optional extra which takes the effort out of parking and slow speed manoeuvring but does not spoil the "feel" of the road on fast, straight stretches and motorways.

Admittedly, one has to get used to power assistance, but most drivers would quickly accustom themselves to the initial tendency to overdo steering movements when taking sharp bends quickly. Once familiar, few owners would be without it and, in

conjunction with the wonderfully adaptable driving position (the steering wheel is adjustable as well as the seat itself and the angle of the back squab), it would be hard to find anyone of such stature that he could not make himself thoroughly at home.

Inside the four door saloon the furnishing follows Jaguar's traditional luxury, with soft leather upholstery of the finest grade, polished wood instrument panel and door cappings, parcel shelf with padded edge below the fascia and pull-out tray for picnic use (even the glove box lid is made to fold down to an exactly horizontal position to give cups and glasses a steady base).

Heating and ventilating arrangements have been brought to a new high standard on the S-type, and passengers can adjust warmth or fresh air to suit their own taste. As to equipment, precious little seems to have been overlooked, with built-in foglamps, two speed screenwipers, map reading light, clock and so forth.

This certainly is a car which, at less than £2,000 for even the most expensive version (3.8-litre with automatic transmission), seems value beyond compare in the high quality high performance class. The "basic" model (3.4-litre with manual gearbox) costs £1,720.

The S-type Jaguar



BOW DOWN TO BURGUNDY

By John Salt

I retain to this day an affectionate memory and appreciation of the art of Mr. Rudolf Friml and of that most English of Hollywood actors, the late Mr. Ronald Colman. I don't suppose for one moment that I am alone in this regard nor do I propose to enter into an historical argument relative to the dates of any Dukes of Burgundy or Kings of France whether Bald, Simple, Bold or Good. I only say that to my mind Mr. Friml best expressed in music the spirit of an embattled musical comedy peasantry and that Mr. Colman was the finest François Villon I ever saw, given that one doesn't often see François these days. Further to that I'll admit that I don't often even think of François these days and that I probably should not have done so at all without the necessity to fly to Burgundy a short while ago.

There is something about flying—at least to a coward like me—that makes a man think. And on the journey from Gatwick to Dijon to join with other cherished companions in the 5th International Gathering of Percy Fox & Co. Ltd., and their principals from Jerez, Portugal, Champagne, Germany, Holland, Bordeaux and Burgundy, I thought about Friml's musical of the '20s, *The Vagabond King* and of Colman's later filmed interpretation of the same story. So successfully in fact that I was able to ignore—well practically ignore—the surely too swift approach of the water meadows of the River Saone as we touched down at Dijon, simply by concentrating on a piece of reasonably deathless verse spoken by Colman-Villon presumably at the dictates of his producers and scriptwriters. It went, as far as memory serves, and here again I am not open to argument:

"Here goes Villon, son of France,
To swing into his final dance.
His head now will have the chance
To weigh the tonnage of his pants."

Readers should employ the short transatlantic "a" as in pants to obtain the full value of this passage.

For this I don't blame Mr. Colman, who was about to be hanged at the time, and I certainly don't blame M. Villon who at this stage of history has praise enough. In any case Villon's connection with the province of Burgundy is tenuous. Though he probably drank—and he certainly drank—formidable quantities of Burgundy wine, his only other link is by way of poetic licence in that he was allegedly made King for a day for the single and express purpose of rallying the beggars



of Paris against an assault by the hosts of Burgundy. History fails to record the extent of his success but then he was also opposed by the English who for some unaccountable reason were not on the same side as Joan of Arc.

But that's a dichotomy which once more would not be safe to argue. Suffice it to say that the English—say the British—are now, as then, firmly on the side of Burgundy, whose domain no longer encloses Flanders but does run quite safely from Dijon through Beaune to Macon and points south and includes in its tract a roll of names that ring the battle honours of Burgundian wine from Gevrey-Chambertin to Moulin-à-Vent.

Burgundy it can be said—and history does not refute the parallel—is a state of mind, which itself is often a condition of the state of the digestion. For from this region come not only the great wines but also those great gastronomic abettors, the hams of Morvan, the beef of Charollais, the fish and poultry of Bresse, the charcuterie, the pastry, the escargots, the cheeses and the myriad other delicacies that probably only a *Larousse Gastronomique* could list successfully. I was first introduced to its infinite variety at the Château du Clos de Vougeot, the ancient Cistercian foundation that is now the headquarters of the Brotherhood of the Chevaliers du Tastevin. The firm of J. Thorin, my hosts on this journey, are the largest individual proprietors at Clos de Vougeot.

Giant wooden machinery still towers in the pressing houses at Clos de Vougeot, looking more like the mangonels and arbalists of ancient siege artillery than the time-honoured instruments of a peaceful craft. The Romans once raised vines in the area and if one of them by some strange lapse of the time continuum should ever return he might not find it so difficult to take up his husbandry again at the point he left off. With the cold buffet luncheon in the Salle Capitulaire at Clos de Vougeot we began our introduction to the red and white North Burgundies of the 1964 vintage. My own favourite was the second on the card of six, the Corton Charlemagne.

A gentle journey on the road towards Macon took us through the vineyards of Vosne-Romanée, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Aloxe-Corton and Savigny to Beaune, sometime stronghold of the Burgundian war-lords and centre of this wine region. There the celebrated Hospices de Beaune of Philip the Good benefit annually at the November sales of wine from parcels of land bequeathed to the foundation over the years. There too in the Saint Esprit is the painting of the *Last Judgement* attributed to Van Eyck, an artist with a rare talent for depicting human torment, though he falls short on bliss.

An hour more took us into Macon, the city not of Villon but of Lamartine. The

Maconnais provides the line of demarcation or geographical link—as you will—between the aristocratic Côte d'Or and the more robust and democratic Beaujolais. The route into South Burgundy lay by way of Pontanevaux, the Thorin headquarters, whose modern Rouvres warehouses can accommodate some 15,000 casks of wine. The Thorin family has been Burgundian for almost a thousand years. They originated in the hamlet of Les Thorins de Romanèche and their association with wine production in this part of the Beaujolais country is recorded in a number of documents ranging from the 9th to the 17th century.

The road into the Beaujolais winds through Belleville and Villefranche and on to Vaux—the beloved Clochemerle of Gabriel Chevallier. High in the folds of the hills stands the austere façade of the Château de la Chaise—summer home of the Marquise de Montaigu. The house was a gift to a favourite of the Sun King and its gardens sloping to the vineyard were laid out by Le Nôtre, architect of Versailles. On then through Brouilly to Beaujeu, the ancient capital, to the great names of the Fut d'Avenas, Chiroubles, Morgon, Fleurie, Moulin-à-Vent, Chénas, Juliéna, and Saint Amour. Finally into the Maconnais where the green-gold Pouilly Fuissé is the acknowledged king of white wines. So into the countryside of Lamartine by Serrières, Pierreclos and Bussières to the prehistoric rock of Solutré between Vergison and Leynes.

The vineyards sweep close to the cliff in this region of La Roche Vineuse and Solutré broods over them like a stranded marine monster. Primitive tribes once camped at the foot of the cliff; there are traces of two civilizations—one of giants, one of pigmies—and the silence of pre-history shades the fate of the 200,000 horses whose bones yet whiten among the vineyards.

The journey ended in considerable magnificence with dinner at the Château de Loyse, the home of the elder M. Thorin near Pontanevaux. To single out a particular wine from the meal would be to invite the argument that I have been consistently avoiding all along. Better then to list the complete menu if only for envious memory's sake.

Garvey Medium Oloroso Long Life

Garvey Dry Fino San Patricio

Lanson Black Label Magnums

Truffes du Valromey en Surprise

Gratin de Langoustes Saint-Jacques

Jambon en Croûte à la Périgourdine

Salade Hélène

Fromages

Fraises Melba

Petits Fours, Friandises

Café

Domaine Thorin 1961 Château de Loyse

Langenbach 1959 Erbacher Markobrunn

Riesling Auslese Kabinett

Freiherr Langwerth von Simmern

Domaine Thorin 1957 Domaine des Journets

Domaine Thorin 1949 Chambertin Clos de Bèze

Domaine Cordier 1928 Chateau Lafaurie-Peyraguey

Warre's 1945 Vintage Port

Henkes' Apricot Brandy & Cherry Brandy

Denis-Mounié 1914 Grande Champagne

Better also to ignore Mr. Friml's advice to his musical comedy peasantry about not bowing down to Burgundy. Personally I am in a fully genuflected position.



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Above left: Mr. H. D. Stephens-Clarkson, Chairman of Percy Fox & Co. Ltd., presents a Silver Fox to M. Thorin, senior partner of the firm of J. Thorin, at the dinner at the Château de Loyse. **Centre:** the rock of Solutré, six miles south of Macon, dominates the Pouilly Fuissé vineyards. Planted with Pinot Chardonnay vines, the 1,125 acres are shared in ownership by the four communes of Fuissé, Solutré, Vergison and Chaintre. **Left:** the 16th-century Château of Clos de Vougeot in its stone walled vineyard

Weddings and Engagements

Smith-Selsdon: Patricia Anne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Donald Smith, The Breakers, Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex, was married to Lord Selsdon, son of the late Lord Selsdon, and of Mrs. Simon Sitwell, Tufton Street, S.W., at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Lockhart-Shelton-Agar: Rosemary, only daughter of Prebendary Douglas & Mrs. Lockhart, of Bitterley Rectory, Shropshire, was married to Richard Alan, elder son of Dr. & Mrs. Alan Shelton-Agar, of Melmerby Hall, Cumberland, at St. Mary's, Bitterley, Shropshire



Richardson-Wigram: Wendy Joan, elder daughter of Brigadier & Mrs. P. H. Richardson, of The Manor House, Merriott, Somerset, was married to Roger Charles Kinglake, eldest son of Major & Mrs. H. F. J. Wigram, of Oakdene, London Road, Sunningdale, Berkshire, at All Saints, Merriott, Somerset



Miss Harriet Mary Sheila Nye to Mr. Michael Fitzgerald Heathcoat-Amory: She is the daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Archibald & Lady Nye, of Alderstone House, Whiteparish, Salisbury. He is the son of the late Major E. F. Heathcoat-Amory, and of Mrs. Roderick Heathcoat-Amory, of Oswaldkirk Hall, York



Miss Mary Christabel Buchanan to Mr. David John Wilson: She is the daughter of Canon & Mrs. F. Buchanan, of Polesworth Vicarage, Warwickshire. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Wilson, of Montagu Square, W.1

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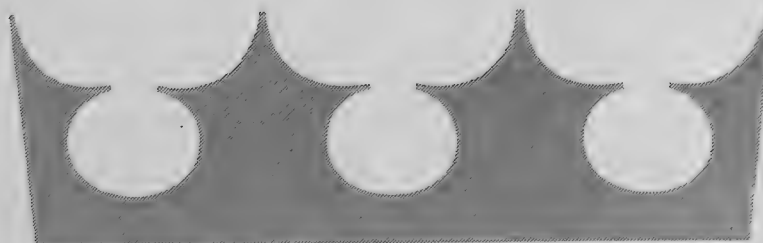
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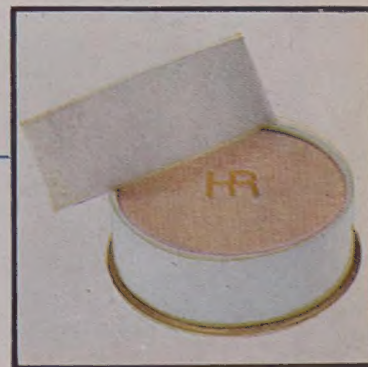
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|---------------|--|
| Left | Ultra slim diamond set 18 ct. gold lady's watch on 18 ct. gold bracelet, hand carved with matching dial. £560.0.0. |
| Centre | Ultra slim diamond set 18 ct. gold lady's watch on plaited pattern bracelet. £560.0.0. |
| Right | Ultra slim diamond set 18 ct. gold lady's watch on milanese bracelet. £454.0.0. |

All the PIAGET watches illustrated are available without diamond settings and in white gold. Prices for these models will be given on application.

Our fully illustrated catalogue of watches is available on request. You need only write "PIAGET watches" on your notehead, add your name and send it to us.

GARRARD The Crown Jewellers

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